# Yankee Doings

Vol. V Boston, Mass. Aug.-Sept., 1924 No. 7

## SEPTEMBER 26, 1918

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| | |
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# YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION
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GEORGE W. TWOMBLY, *President* — PHILIP N. SANBORN, *Secretary*

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## HE'S RIGHT

I spent about six weeks in France this Spring and went over practically all of the ground where the 26th Division was and I was much impressed by the fact that practically every other Division has a monument of some sort, except ours. The 2nd Division has a monument at Lucy-le Bocage, the 3rd Division has one at Chateau Thierry, the 1st Division has one erected on the point where the patrols of the 26th Division met the patrols of the 1st Division at Hattonville, and there are many others. As you know, the cemetery at Belleau has been rebuilt this Spring and put in permanent form, and a sort of park has been made out of Belleau Wood. Paths have been cut through at the slope towards the cemetery from which one looks out across the valley towards the villages of Belleau and Torcy and some shrubbery has been planted there. This spot, being the nearest of the battlefields to Paris, is visited annually by a great number of Americans and it seems to me that it would be the most appropriate spot for a monument to the 26th Division. This could be placed on the edge of Belleau Wood, marking the spot from which the Infantry started in the counter-offensive on July 18th. It could be placed slightly up the slope of the hill so that it would look out over the cemetery and would be very effective in appearance. There are other places which are more or less historic spots of the Division and which would be fitting to place monuments, but it seems to me that at Belleau cemetery would be the most effective spot, and the first one should be put there. I think it would be an easy matter to raise sufficient money for this and it might be possible to have the Legislatures of the various New England states each appropriate a sum which would go for this use.

RUSSELL B. LIVERMORE
Formerly First Lieutenant,
Company M, 104th Infantry.

## VERY LIGHT VERSE

**By Fuller P. Nard**

Old Sandy says: "We're gonna press;
Toot-sweet your Underwood caress.
In other words, get busy!"
His tone is firm and somewhat gruff.
I like the guy, which makes it tough—
I lack ambish to even bluff.
To tell the truth, I'm dizzy.

'Twould sure be sweet to pull some beat,
To hand you lads a thrill, a treat,
A rhyme of pep and beauty.
About the lessons summer teaches,
The charms of mountains, lakes and beaches,
Of bathing girls and other peaches,
Especially one cutie.

I likewise feel I ought to spiel
Some poly-tics, some heavy deal
Of moment to the nation.
To step serenely on the juice
And spin my lyrics fast and loose.
But you'll compree—it ain't no use.
It was One Grand Vacation.

—FULLER

## PRIZE CONTEST

Don't forget the prize offered in the May number of DOINGS for the story of the funniest true incident which you saw or heard while we were on our late European tour. Why not grab a pen now, while you think of it, and send in your tale. Next month's DOINGS will make "Life" and "Judge" look like pikers if you will do your part to uncork some of the old-time fun. Don't leave it to the other guy. It'll only cost you a two-cent stamp. Remember, *you are* "the other guy" to everyone else.

## THE SMOKER

The first Smoker of the season will be held on Friday, September 26, and it's going to be a corker! "Hi" Landon will tell about his capture at Marcheville and his subsequent experiences in Germany. You'll sit around afterwards with the bunch and re-fight the war until Bill orders, "All out." Put the date in your hat. If you come to the first one, you'll come to the rest. They all do. Get the habit. See you the 26th!

## RINGING IN RALPH

Our own boy Napoleon of Finance, Ralph M. Eastman (101st Engineers) was recently elected Treasurer of the Massachusetts Department, American Legion, by an overwhelming vote. Ralph has a knack of transforming a red-ink balance into a wad of frog-skins. He can write a creditor so sweet a letter of regret that the latter can take it to any bank (except Ralph's) and borrow money on it. What's more, we know where Ralph got his practice.

## BETWEEN OURSELVES

Place, Camp Devens; time, our last night on Uncle Sam's payroll. Beaucoup whispering followed by yells of approval. The resolution has been made, seconded, and unanimously passed that the half of the company in the other barrack has no business to be asleep. Armed with a flashlight and a fire extinguisher, we sneak across to the other barrack. At the instant that the flashlight reveals the sleeping figures, the fire extinguisher is inverted and its stream directed along the row of faces. Hasty retreat amid uproar indescribable.

* * * *

Next morning! THE morning! We have that precious discharge folded in our pocket. Already some have tried out their freedom by shouting "Hello, Charlie" to some well liked officer, and passing with a paralyzed arm some less popular one. The company is standing in groups inside and outside the barracks. Fini la guerre!

"So long, Jerry, drop us a line once in a while."

"See you again, Skinny. Good luck."

"Look me up when you're up New Hampshire way."

"Sure, you said it."

The groups grow smaller, disperse, vanish.

* * * *

A year later. The dedication of the YD Memorial Clubhouse. A place, always open, where you were pretty sure to find a buddy or two, and news of a lot more. The building is so crowded that overflow meetings are being held on the sidewalk.

"Some nifty club, n'est ce pas?"

"Great! Say, I was thinking of you the other day. Remember the time in that little town near the canal, where you and Fat tried to....."

* * * *

That story never has been finished. They're still refighting the war whenever a group gathers in the Club. And it's just as good fun now as it was then. Some of the crowd figured they'd been fed up on the war, and everything connected with it. But a kind of a hankering to know "what ever became of Sam Jones," disturbed their peace of mind, and a few at a time they commenced hitting the trail to the Club, some literally, some by mail.

* * * *

Last spring's campaign brought into the fold not only some who had never been members but a lot of prodigal sons who decided it was time to climb back on the band wagon. The register at the Boston Club shows that this summer visitors from all over the country have been in to hear what the bunch is doing. The Club is fulfilling its purpose, perhaps better than ever before.

* * * *

Fall is here. Our bills are paid up. New memberships are coming in. The smokers are about to start. Cold nights are coming when the old yarns will be spun for the steenth time.

* * * *

And DOINGS is back on deck.

## PRESIDENTIAL TOUR

Several important details are missing concerning that hectic vacation trip of President George Washington (Twombly) and President Emeritus Elliott (G. R.). Still, enough has leaked out to fill an issue of DOINGS.

They seem to have borrowed pup tents, mess-kits and other obsolete reminders of the past, and to have pulled out of Boston under sealed orders on or about August 4. G. R. E. piloted the Reo, while G. W. T. catered to the department of the interior and between courses dispatched postcards. The latter clues indicate that the trail followed this general line: Jacob's Ladder, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Montreal, Three Rivers, Quebec, Lac Noir, White Mountains, Poland Springs, Kennebunkport and way stations.

Now, G. W. T. is a chef par excellence. But above even that, he prides himself at being a past master of French. In simple justice it must be admitted that he parleys a mean vous. At Quebec he was in his element, that is, until he greeted one little girl with a friendly "Bon jour, ma petite." She came back with, "I ain't French; I'm Irish."

G. W. T. also sings. In Montreal the tourists were guests of Percy Walker (Signal Corps) and his charming family. Little Jimmie, aged four, made bold to ask the President, "Is that the kind you have?" "The kind of what?" inquired George, sweetly. "The kind of a Sing," said Jimmie.

The exact population of Quebec is uncertain, but every second citizen is named Cote. In seeking one of that numerous clan, to wit, Joe, the presidents were informed that there were "two Joe Cotes—one named Pete." The name thereupon became a by-word. At Twin Mountain, N. H., they spied an attractive "YD Gift Shop." Brakes were applied, and G. W. T. dismounted to reconnoitre. In a minute he hailed his titled chauffeur, "Kummorn in. It's a sure 'nuff YD man—M. G. Co., 103rd. Meet—Comrade Cote!"

If it is true that the comrade was greeted by a rude "haw, haw," we hasten to apologize for the ill manners of our presidents, past and present. Okie O'Connor was similarly insulted when he appeared in the flesh at a smoker last winter, merely because his fame had preceded him. From all accounts, this "YD Shop" reflects credit upon its name. For one thing, it avoids being a "Shoppe," which is a Latin word meaning "all jack abandon, ye who enter here." Business was so brisk, the skipper reported, that he has bundled up his summer's mail to read in the fall,—including YANKEE DOINGS.

In Portland, a call was made on Doc Lynch, and in the regretted absence of the genial vet, the hoboes were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Lynch, an active member of the Portland YD Club Auxiliary. The doctor, she explained, was attending the funeral of one of his patients. Probably the old gray mare. Feeling that condolences were in order, someone ventured to remark, "Well, we all make mistakes." Which is hereby ruled out of order,—Dr. Lynch appears this month as a valued advertiser in the YD Business Directory.

So the boys visited Twin Mountains. We knew a guy who did that once, and when he got home he found twins. They also hit Three Rivers. We knew another chap who did that. When he got back he found triplets. We haven't heard a thing from the presidents yet. But we are glad their tour didn't include Thousand Islands.

# THE OLD OUTFITS

The information contained in this article has been compiled by Col. Hyatt upon the suggestion of a member of The Boston Club, who rightly believed that it would be of great interest to all YD men.

Many men have doubtless wondered, and not a few have asked, what has become of the records, histories and traditions of the old organizations of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia that were swallowed up in the reorganization of the New National Guard after the World War, and it has been thought worth while to get this information together in as brief a form as possible so that all those interested may understand what has been done to preserve these same valuable records, histories and traditions.

The organization records, covering the World War, of all organizations that served therein were turned in to the War Department at Washington when they were mustered out. The records of all the personnel of these organizations who were credited to Massachusetts have been sent to the office of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts and are recorded and filed there. The individual histories of organizations, so far as they concern the World War, have been written and published by the organizations themselves.

Realizing the value of tradition in building up the morale and esprit of organizations, the War Department has provided for regimental coats-of-arms, badges, etc., and has urged and ordered all organizations entitled to carry colors to submit such devices for approval. Several of the organizations of the present Massachusetts National Guard have been awarded these devices and are now wearing them with great satisfaction to themselves, and the remaining organizations are working on theirs.

When the re-organization of the National Guard in this State was under consideration, the matter of preserving the histories of the old organizations was given careful thought and certain recommendations were made by the Board in charge of that reorganization, looking toward that end. This plan has been carried out and the regimental histories of all the old organizations of which the State is so proud, have been preserved, save one, and that is to be taken care of in the future.

Let us take up the organization of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia in order, and see what has become of each one and who is now carrying on the records and traditions.

1st Regiment Heavy Artillery, later known as the 1st Coast Defense Command, Massachusetts Coast Artillery, who were drafted into the service of the United States August 5, 1917, has now become the 241st Coast Artillery, Massachusetts National Guard, and as such preserves the history, records and traditions of the old organization, and has applied for a regimental coat-of-arms whereon appears some of the distinctive devices worn by them.

The 2nd Infantry, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, drafted into the service of the United States August 5, 1917, has now become the 104th Infantry, Massachusetts National Guard, who have taken to themselves all of the history of that regiment, back to 1868, and who will have on their coat-of-arms some of the devices of the old organization.

The 5th Infantry, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, was drafted into the service of the United States on August 5, 1917, and the regiment furnished many men for organizations of the 26th Division, the remaining skeleton being used to form the basis of another organization of a different character later. When the reorganization of the Massachusetts National Guard took place after the War, it was found that the 182nd Infantry, Massachusetts National Guard, contained more companies of the old 5th Infantry than any other organization and it was decided that the 182nd should continue the history and traditions of the old 5th. The Commanding Officer, 182nd Infantry, is at work on a regimental device which will commemorate the service of this fine old regiment and has traced its history back for many years.

The 6th Infantry, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, was mustered into the service of the United States at the same time as the rest of the organizations. Its fate was the same as that of the 5th, and it took no part in the World War under its own designation nor in its original branch of the service. The present 181st Infantry, Massachusetts National Guard, on reorganization was found to contain more of the old units of the 6th than any other organization and it has consequently taken over the task of preserving the traditions and history of the 6th.

The 8th Infantry, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia,—like the 5th and 6th,— was mustered into the service of the United States, furnished large numbers of men for the 26th Division units and the remainder was sent away—as was the 5th and 6th. None of the present organizations of the Massachusetts National Guard have as yet formally adopted the history and traditions of the 8th, there being two of the present organizations containing about the same number of units of the old regiment, the 102nd Field Artillery and the 101st Engineers and one or the other of these will take up the honor of continuing the history of the 8th.

The 9th Infantry, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, was mustered into the service with the others, served as the 101st Infantry and is now the 101st Infantry, Massachusetts National Guard, with all of the traditions, history and records.

The 1st Regiment Field Artillery, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, was mustered into the service as the 101st Field Artillery, and now as the 101st Field Artillery, Massachusetts National Guard, carries on the history and traditions of the old 1st.

The 1st Separate Squadron Cavalry, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, was mustered into the service and served with the 26th Division as machine gunners. On reorganization, the 110th Cavalry, Massachusetts National Guard, took over the history and traditions of the old Massachusetts cavalry organizations.

The First Corps Cadets were mustered into the service and went with the 26th Division as the 101st Engineers, and now after the reorganization they carry on the record of the old Corps as the 211th Coast Artillery.

The 1st Field Signal Battalion, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, was taken into service and served with the 26th Division and now is the 26th Signal Company, M. N. G.

This completes the records of all the old organizations except the Ambulance Company and the Hospital Company, which now have become a part of the 101st Medical Regiment and as such their histories will be taken up by that regiment when it is fully formed.

The histories of all of these organizations as far back as they can be traced—1728 being the earliest date claimed by any of them—have been compiled and have been or will be filed in the War Department in Washington for reference in the years to come. The Federal Government desires that this be done. The State of Massachusetts wants these histories preserved and the organizations themselves recognize the value of them as a builder of morale and esprit.

## WAR PICTURES

A few copies of the following pictures may now be had unframed for $10.00 each, the frames being worth much more. As these pictures are now becoming rare, it will be necessary to place your order at once to insure delivery.

No. 001 Tanks going into action at Boucq, 5 P. M. Nov. 11-17.

No. 002 Street fighting in Boucq, 9 P. M., Nov. 11-17. Bodies in foreground are M. P.'s.

No. 003 American soldier guarding his socks until he can steal someone else's.

No. 004 General Disorder decorating a mess sergeant.

No. 005 Cavalry chasing the enemy. View shows dismounted stable detail in foreground with horses in pursuit.

No. 006 Cuisine de la guerre. Shows mess sergeant offering to swap barrel of slumgullion for a cigarette. No takers.

No. 007 Chemical warfare. Shows detail of six privates trying to kill cooties with cigarette smoke. No go.

No. 008 Prisoners de la guerre. Shows German prisoners being tortured by an intelligence officer with a French dictionary. Hard to tell which is which.

No. 009 Bugler sounding mess call in a front line trench.

No. 0010 View taken under Extreme Difficulties: Shows band playing for stevedores on the Chemin des Dames.

No. 0011 The Last Resort. Shows Private Cumeleven offering to swap his loaded dice for a package of cigarettes. Nothing doing—they all had 'em.

No. 0012 Winter scene. Ice cream detail working its way up to a machine gun.

No. 0013 Vacation scene. View from the Heights of the Woerve, Sept. 14-18. Shows party of wounded soldiers just brought in leaving for their regular "10 days every 3 months" vacation.

No. 0014 Bathing scene. Cootie wagon, surrounded by soldiers clad in trench boots and cigarettes, waiting to get their clothes all mussed up.

No. 0015 Sniper picking up butts on the parade ground at Haumont.

No. 0016 Mounted despatch rider going over the top on a flat tire.

No. 0017 Decorations. Shows colonel with seven silver stripes, two wound chevrons, and the D. S. M.

No. 0018 Laughing Waters. Typical American scene early on pay day.

No. 0019 After the Battle. Taps the same day.

—TOM ROOSE, P. A. C.
*(Poet, artist, comedian).*

## BRIDGEPORT X. Y. D.'s

**By Dick Barlow**

FRANK DAMICO and JAKE AHERN are home for the summer vacation from the Storrs Agricultural College where they are taking vocational training, Frank has two children and has been living near the School—Jake is again employed by the Charities Department and will work at the Welfare Building.

GUS HANNON who is driving one of the trucks at Fire Headquarters, reports the arrival of a YD Junior. This makes two for Gus. Richard will be his name until he enters school.

HARRY EDES is living at Fairfield Beach and looks the picture of old John Health himself. Harry is willing to wager a good mess of clams against "what you have" that some of you fellows who have married will not write so much home in the next war about what you have been doing in the line of K. P

Major and Mrs. FRANK W. STEVENS have recently returned from a trip to France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany and England—they report seeing very little poverty in Germany. Cap't as we used to call him, did not visit the battlefields, preferring to remember them as he saw them last.

Mr. and Mrs. LEROY MACKINNON report the arrival of a new member for the Auxiliary—Mrs. MacKinnon, who has been at the home of her parents in Winsted, has joined Mac at Boston where he has secured employment as an expert accountant since finishing his vocational training.

BILL WEST, of Bungalow Ave., Fairfield, also announces a new arrival by the name of Edgar. By Darn, there will soon be more ex-service men "Rolling their own" than there was during the period of the recent emergency.

BILL ADAMS, who is one of the physical directors of the Public Schools at Danbury, is taking a special course at the Springfield Training School.

That single fellow who made the remark when filling out his compensation blank about the well dressed widows in abundance about twenty years from now, was ruled entirely out of order.

CLARENCE THORNE is now living at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and writes that everything seems to be in his favor of late to say nothing of having secured all the recent copies of the DOINGS and is mighty pleased to learn of the old gang. He had expected to read of the death by assault of several top sergeants or mess sergeants after the outfits "got that piece of paper and some civies" but he now believes we were not as vicious as our bark—By darn when you look back at it now, I often wonder how the Mess Sergt. did set up in a strange place and feed two or three hundred hungry, howling humdingers as quick and as good as they did.

GEORGE BLACKMAN has returned from a pleasant vacation spent in and around Providence, Rhode Island. He fought the war over again with several of his former comrades, including HENRY L. WILSON, WILLIAM C. MARSHALL, EDWARD CARROLL and Captain BRESLIN. Carroll has three toward a little company he is starting of his own.

# Back Through Old Sectors (VI)

By Lyman B. Cozzens

Climbing up the hill in Nogent after walking the five miles in the heat was no fun. And finding no auto at the top was still less of a joke. I waited on the road, but nothing came along.

The car that was supposed to be there was busy, and at eight o'clock I again called for it and it had returned and was ready for me.

At Esnouveaux Madam Gaucherot was waiting for me,—the same little white-haired mother who had given us a home in her house and treated us like children. She used to hold a lamp on one side of me while I shaved, and then on the other side.

We brought our mess to her table so we could all eat together. And we sat around the table evenings and she looked so sad if we did not. Or we played dominoes, at which she was supremely happy. At the end of a game someone would ask, "How many have you, Bing?" "Twelve." "And you, Lyman?" "Fifteen." "And Madam?" "Dix huit, Monsieur." "Madam wins."

I was at the rear of the column when we marched away. The tears were streaming down her cheeks and as long as I could see her she was waving her handkerchief.

Now she was all excited, plying me with questions that I could not answer fast enough. She brought out a box of candy that I had sent from Boston before I left. She only brought it out when there was company. And there was company tonight.

That night I slept in the same little red bed that was so familiar. Here, at last, was a place with people in the setting—the ones that I expected would be there. But I missed my bunkie, Bing, who had slept by my side through most of the war.

In going to Doulaincourt, I had to change cars at Gudmont. Does anybody remember—I mean has anybody forgotten that famous place where our first battle was fought? A battle for places to sleep. And there stood some cars still bearing the capacity mark, "40 Hommes. 8 Chevaux."

I was hurrying to meet a man whom I met during our stay in Doulaincourt. Quite unexpectedly he was coming from a different direction and changed also at Gudmont. He saw me first, and before I knew it he rushed up and kissed me on both cheeks.

I was so embarrassed that I looked in all directions at once to see if anybody saw it. Everybody saw it. Crowds in the waiting trains were all looking, but nobody seemed to think it unusual. I had heard that the French kissed each other, but had never seen it. I asked a soldier of the French army about it once and he said it was done only in small towns. I asked him if he did it and he said, "Hell, no." He spoke a little English, you see. Then I wondered if Toul would have been small enough.

After the kissing act, my friend took me home to dinner and I immediately disgraced myself by cutting a slice of bread off a loaf that was handed to me. This was very indelicate of me. You should hold it against your chest and carve off a hunk. Their bread comes in thin loaves four feet long, or in huge rings with a crust like adamant that they carry on the handlebars of their bicycles. At meals they pass you part of a loaf with no butter. And when I put the bread on a nearby plate and proceeded to cut off a thin slice the whole family eyed me.

Once again I hailed a passing car at Chatillon to go to Nod sur Seine, where I spent the night with my friends and returned the next morning by the tiny train that runs along the side of the road.

That day I brushed off the dust of France and entered Switzerland, that is,—after the Customs Officers got through with me.

On the United States borders they go through the train and it's all over in a minute, but in France they make everybody get off and march lockstep past a row of officers. Then all the baggage is put on a handcar, and the man who pushes it over to the train extracts a tip.

I did not expect that the hotels would be all full in Geneva, so had made no reservations. Consequently, I found myself wandering around the streets at night hunting a place to lay my weary head.

Switzerland, and especially Lake Geneva, is said to be the land of good hotels; and I found it so, as each one I visited had a most inviting appearance but I was not invited. The night was cool and I spent much time watching the swans floating gracefully at the edge of the lake waiting for bread crumbs or anything else that might be thrown them.

At last, I was taken in at the Hotel l'Ecu. Don't ask me to pronounce it. The clerk at the desk said, "Nous avon une petit chambre O si petite, petite." I jumped for joy. "I don't care how petite it is, let me have it," and I was shown to a room that would have been a credit to most hotels in America, although small, as he said. And when I came down after dressing for dinner, which is very late at these watering places, no one knew whether I had the royal suite or a locker in the attic.

Along with the good hotels, Geneva has good things to eat. Some train acquaintances mentioned the Hotel d'Angletairre (which means English), but I don't see why anyone goes to Switzerland to get into an English hotel. I wanted to "do as the Romans do" and go to a strictly Suisse hotel and get Suisse things to eat. And I had them—all sorts of wonderful dishes that I never heard of in America. And I drank five glasses of water at the first meal.

And I must say that their system of shoe shining is a great improvement on Chaumont. This time, the porter took me out and sat me on the back stairs while he proceeded to give me an almost shine.

In France, the servants stand in front of you and say "au revoir" and "bon voyage" when they want a tip. The Suisse do nothing of the kind. They do everything possible for your comfort and go away as if a tip was farthest from their thoughts, but when you get your bill you find that they have added ten percent of the whole to be distributed in tips whether you intended to tip anybody or

not. And if you have already tipped some of them, you are out of luck.

The Peace Palace, where the League of Nations sits, is not a palace at all. They have a building full of offices and committee rooms, but the League meets in the large hall of the Victoria Hotel.

The one at Lausanne is a little more imposing, but is seen across a dirty marketplace where hundreds of carts are selling everything from frying pans to giraffes. This last may be slightly exaggerated but, at least, the mess looks like that.

Lausanne is on the side of a steep hill which you descend by a cog railway, called a funicular, to the boat. Seeing a car ready, I rushed in to the ticket office and faced the inevitable question, "What class?" I said "Second" and they showed me the back of the car partitioned off. All I saw on the way down was the disappearing track behind. I thought, "This is what I get for going second class" and I wondered where the third class was. When we reached the bottom I found that there was no first class. So I was sitting with the elite on red cushions in the exclusive rear while the third class sat on wooden seats in front and had a good view of everything.

(To be continued.)

## PEA SOUP PATTER

Why D, huntington avenoo,
nere de alantik oshun
Allo bil,

Its ben long tam since I rote to you befor dis tam bout seex mont i tink well bil i ben ver bisee cleening up de hoosis-gow for de judge. you see its lak dis i use live in torronto before de war i mean befor ive marry henriet an i marry O such a nice woman in torronto. well pritty quik in few yeres i have grate big famly of bout 19 kids an bi chees i tink dems to dam moch for one man so wun nite i take trane for saskachewin. in too tree monts i forget all bout marie in torronto an wen i see henriet in saskachewin rite away she lov me an i by de lisense she by de ring an i giv de preest four bits. den we get big big farm an raise cabbages betes kids an skwash. i by henri Fliv-O bil by chees if yu see pete Bouchard you tell me plees caus wen i come from de hoosis-gow front door shes leeve saskachewin by de back dore an henri shes go too. you can tell my Fliv he got lots mud an she shake like annyting. to presume—i by henri Fliv an pritty soon i mak lots of money. well in cupple years dat woman marie from torronto shes show up an shes raise marie hel so de nort west mountin pleece come an say i mus take vacation four bout seex mont wit free bord. wel bil de bord i et was rotn an de bord i slep on was wors so you see bil it dont pay to treet a woman good annamore as mos woman wood be glad to hav 19 kids but i dunno marie always was ongrateful.

wen you rite don send it to de lockup as shes all lockup now sens i cum out.

your fren
—GEORGES FRANCOIS

P. S. plees send me won servis stripe for de seex monts i jes did.

## 103rd INFANTRY NEWS

Sgt. BILL ROGERS (Co. G), who had his eye shot out at Chateau Thierry, is now running the elevator at the Bangor Post Office. Bill has his ups and downs.

Corp. WINN, (Co. G), is with Morse & Co., Bangor, driving a truck.

PAUL P. ARBO, (Co. G), has finished his first year at University of Maine and is now running his farm at Brownville, Maine.

The SMITH brothers (not Trade and Mark, the cough drop men) (Co. G), are selling bonds for Richardson Hill at Bangor.

EDDIE HAMMEL, formerly bugler of G Co., is now repairing Henry Fords at Bangor. Any time you happen to get stuck around this town, don't forget to call up Eddie.

CLARENCE RICHARDSON, (Co. G), has just graduated from the University of Maine. "Richy" was an honor student, getting the best marks of any of the vocational students there.

ELMER GEORGE, (Co. G), is now shooting letters for Uncle Sam at the Post Office at Bangor. He will be glad to see any of the ex-YD's any afternoon if they happen to be passing by.

RAOUL GEORGE, (Co. G), is still at the hospital at West Roxbury, Mass. He has been there for two years and is rather confined so if any of you "bohunks" get a chance, send him a letter.

EDDIE YOUNG, (Co. G), is "back on his feet" and is working with the Maine Central. This info was given by Sgt. ELMER GEORGE.

ALBERT A. WEATHERBEE, (M. G. Co.), of Lincoln, Maine and Sgt. JAMES A. CUMMINGS, (Co. I), are among the new members to join the YD Club. Come on the rest of you 103rd's. Get a buddy of yours who has not yet signed up.

Officers of the 103d Infantry, Yankee Division, have received a message of friendly greetings and appreciation from Mayor Hippolyte Laval of Liffol-le-Grand in connection with their service in France. It was as follows:

"In his own name, as well as in the name of the entire population of Liffol-le-Grand, M. Laval, mayor, sends best regards to the valiant officers and soldiers of the 103d regiment of America, and particularly Col. Hume.

"By their behavior and irreproachable bearing during their stay in our little city, they showed the greatest military qualities. Their ardent courage, their vigorous tenacity, their irresistible spirit, contributed to large extent in the common victory.

"Therefore, the mayor is happy to send, with friendly greetings, this expression of French gratitude."

## MISSING

Among a list of ten missing men who have been awarded decorations by the War Department, but who have never appeared to claim the honor, is the name of CHARLES CARTONA, D. S. C.(102nd Inf.) whose latest known address is 232 Orange Street, Waterbury, Conn.

GEORGE PANOS a former YD man, has been missing from his home, 86 Warren Ave., Brockton, Since April 1st.

# ENGINEER ENTRIES

## ANTICS OF "A"

Got quite a newsy letter from JENS C. BORE. That is, he sent it to Doc Cozzens and Coz passed it along.

From it we learn that ELMER PURRINGTON is married and is the father of a fine girl. They are living in South Portland.

LAUDIUM E. MORIN is driving an auto for the Portland Gas Light Company. He is still single.

WALTER L. GRANT is passing away—his time at the Portland Terminal doing electrical work. He has one foot in. It is just a matter of time.

FRED M. DUNFIELD is at P. M. B. department store selling traveling bags and suit cases.

JESSE D. MOODY is now working for the Deering Ice Cream Company. You would not know him. He is twice as big as when in the army.

WILLIAM A. STOVER? Why, Bill is with the Portland Gas Light Company. He has gone and done it, too.

Brother Bore winds up by admitting, reluctantly, that he "is not married, therefore no children, but there is no telling how soon it will be for I have the girl, she has the sparkler, and all we are waiting for is the time."

ALANSON D. YEATON was married in Dorchester on June 15. RAY NORTON was best man.

DABNEY HUNTER gave us the ha ha. He did not marry the girl he introduced to everybody, but suddenly sprang the news that he was married to another. Reports that "as yet there is nothing running around the house but a fence."

POOLE was seen at the Legion Convention.

## CAPERS OF "C"

May 23rd, about sixty men of old C met at the YD Club in Boston, and formed a company association, taking the name of "C Company Association." LORING F. WILCOX was elected chairman of the governing committee; WILLIAM F. MUNROE and HARRY L. PORTER, members at large, and LINDLEY A. BOND, treasurer, and CHARLES W. HARRIS, secretary. Up to date some 150 men have promised to back the organization, and some real get-togethers are promised for the future.

It is earnestly requested that every C man send any change of address of himself or of any other C man that he knows, to the secretary at 44 State St., Boston. Any news items of interest (any news if of interest to some one), sent to the secretary, will appear in this column. Most of us have felt hurt that C was not better represented here. Now is your chance to show that C is still alive.

Our old friend JOHN ALVITI has been heard from. He is still in Boston, at 6 Charter Street.

BILL BARBER is with the Johns-Manville Co., Baltimore, and is a lieutenant in the Maryland National Guard, in the engineers.

HARRISON MacALMAN is up in Rockland, Maine, has, so he claims, the niftiest youngster in the State, and is a lieutenant in the Maine National Guard (Coast Artillery).

LIND BOND has just been made assistant-treasurer of the Home Savings Bank, Boston, while CHARLEY BOND is vice-president and manager of the Arnold-Roberts Company at Augusta, Maine. Evidently the Bond family is doing well.

FERIOLE is practising law at 114 State Street, Springfield, Mass.

WILBUR SLOANE is at 410 Columbia Bldg., Spokane, Washington.

ED CLAPP is with the General Electric Company at Atlanta, Georgia.

JIM HOWE is rapidly building up Daytona, Florida, and extends a cordial invitation to any of his old buddies to drop in on him.

The prize for the long distance member goes to AL LIVINGSTON, at 1922 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Cal.

BERT FLEMING is a cotton broker at Pheonix, Arizona.

GUY RICHARDSON is representing the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company in Wheeling, West Virginia.

Addresses of the following are requested: Mollerstrom, Stinson, Blunt, Brooks, Burden, Maddocks, Mahoney, Cotter, Steve Lynch, and Price.

## DOINGS OF "D"

DON EMERSON is now with the Spaulding Watch Company in the new Park Square building.

We hear that RUFUS SMITH is with Joseph Middleby, Jr., Inc., 337 Summer Street.

DEXTER HARRISON is still with Stone & Forsyth in the paper business.

RAY PINKHAM has returned to Boston after several years on a fox farm in Maine. Says he is going to start one near here.

Rumor has it that ELLIS HARLOW is a proud parent now.

KEN FINNEY has his chest way out since the arrival of his second child.

JERRY O'LEARY had us all worked up over a reunion at Warren, R. I. To hear him describe it, it was luscious—but we are afraid he has too much imagination. Ask RAY NEWHALL about Jerry's auto.

## FANCIES OF "F"

AL DAY, globe trotter par excellence, is back in Merry England once more—the second time since we donned civies.

The book? Get a good grip on something and be ready to stand the shock. It's actually on the press. We haven't taken your hard earned shekels and gone on a bat. Spread the glad tidings. And by the way, remember—not every F Company man gets DOINGS. Talk it up when you run across one of the boys. Ask him to send in his three bucks.

BUCK WEAVER and his bride have spent the summer wandering around France.

## TOOTS OF THE TRAIN

BERT L. MONTGOMERY hit Lowell like a Heine G. I. can the other day. Shot in from Detroit where he has been in business since the guerre.

JOHN TARG is in Uncle Sam's navy. Some jump for a mule specialist.

A. H. CASHIN has been mussing up the trout brooks of New Hampshire and Maine. Rumor has it he wasn't fishing,—just teaching the worms how to swim.

DUTCHY KLEIN was heard trying to tap a drum on the Fitchburg sector recently, by HAWKEY SHERWIN.

## MEMOS OF THE MEDICOS

OLIVER H. P. GARRETT lately announced an heir to his estate. He is working on the editorial staff of the *New York World.*

FRED ZIMMER is driving for the Standard Oil Company in East Boston.

EDWARD CHALBERG is foreman at the Ford and Lincoln garage in Oshkosh, Nebraska. He is still single. He writes that he has never seen a single buddy that was with him in the army since the day of his discharge.

## 101st INFANTRY ITEMS

At the State Convention of the American Legion at Pittsfield, Mass., on August 21, 22 and 23, PRESIDENT WILLIAM J. BLAKE of our Veterans' Association was elected a delegate-at-large to the National Convention scheduled for sometime in October at St. Paul.

JAMES P. ROSE was much in evidence at the State Legion Convention, his business being that of helping every YD man who was seeking office. Few of us are as true to the old outfit as this same "Jimmy."

HARRY FEKKES of K Company, is the Commander of Edward Ball Cole Post, A. L., of Hingham, Mass., which post is named after the brother of General Charles H. Cole of our Division, who was killed while leading a battalion of marines in an attack at Belleau Woods.

VICTOR WIDDELL, a D.S.C. man of D Company, is a motorcycle officer on the Boston police force. He is married and likes it.

EDDIE MURRAY of D Company will shortly return to the States from Europe where he has been sojourning for the past two months with his mother. His mother wished to see the battlefields with her son and also to visit old friends in Ireland. We imagine it will be a little difficult for Eddie to get back to his duties as a court officer of the Superior Court at Pemberton Square after such a pleasant summer.

EDDIE LILLEBACK of F Company has received the reward of merit after serving a six-year apprenticeship in the selling game, and is now Sales Manager of the American Drug Company of Boston.

TOMMY ("SOUP") MacDONALD, of K Company, is getting along fine after a two-year run of bad luck which followed immediately after the war. For a while he was always breaking something, first an arm and then a leg. His Jonah seems to have deserted him now, however, and he reports, "Everything is O. K. with me."

## CONGRATULATIONS

ALLEN A. LYNDELL (Co. C, 101st Eng.) was married to Miss Lucy Somerville Woodbury on August 18.

Doris Marie is how EDWARD P. LANG'S little daughter will be signing the invitations to her birthday party as August 7 rolls around a few years from now. Ed was in the Sanitary Detachment, 101st Field Artillery.

The marriage is announced of RALPH J. BEAN (Co. B, 102d M. G. Bn.) to Miss Agnes Mary Everett on August 3. Not wishing to treat a solemn occasion facetiously, and realizing that a pun is the cheapest of jokes, we refrain from suggesting that Ralph purchase a supply of poles.

FRANK G. (SLIM) EDWARDS (Co. D, 101st Eng.) is the dad of another nine-pound boy. born June 17. Frank, Jr., is now aged nineteen months.

On the 4th of July, 1776, the colonies announced their independence. On the 6th of July, 1924, IRA THORNTON WEBSTER (Bat. A, 101st F. A.) announced he'd had enough independence anyhow. The girl is Miss Grace Walsh of East Orange, N. Y., and the day is set for next January.

HENRY D. (POP) HILDRETH (101st Eng. Train) reports the arrival on July 15 of a son, Donald Richmond.

We'll let this one ride the way it came in. " . . . the birth of a nine-pound boy, Raymond Martin, Jr., on July 6. We are justly proud and happy as we have waited three years, but our patience has been rewarded."—R. M. VORCE. Well, Ray, it took over four years to win the war.

THOMAS L. SULLIVAN, formerly with 26th Headquarters, was presented with a seven-pound flapper on the 30th of August. Her name is Virginia Marie Sullivan.

JACK F. COLLINS (Div. Hdqrs.) and Miss Catherine Lynch of Boston were married on September 20, 1924. Their honeymoon was spent in Canada.

The marriage is announced of FREDERICK A. BLANPIED (101st Am. Train) to Miss Florence E. Clark, on Saturday, August 30, in New York City.

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## BROCKTON BURSTS

PUNK McNEVIN adopted a fox cub as a mascot for Battery E, 101st F. A. (M. N.G.). He took him to Devens last July and the cooties walked off with him.

BILL HALLETT has been summering at Nantasket where he conducts a grocery store.

Top Kick LATHAM and family motored through New Hampshire, Maine, Vermont and Canada for a couple of weeks. He came home all tired out—and dry.

PERCY COVERT is still working for Uncle Sam. He is a letter carrier.

Does anyone ever see GUGGER FISKE? ("Hey, Buddy, what kep yer?").

Ex-Cook THOMPSON and family motored up through Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and as far as Sherbrooke, Canada. He came home tired—but not dry.

—M. A. T.

## A. P. O. 709

J. L. BERRY (Co. F, 101st Inf.) writes from Chicago as follows: "Just a few lines from an old timer who is sending a year's dues to become a member of one of the best clubs in the country, barring none. I belong to a few clubs, but in all my travels I have found nothing like our old YD Club of Boston. Keep the old YD before the public. Show them that never-die spirit. Make that old YD something worth while. Get them all to be boosters."

JOE BARNEY, formerly Assistant Band Leader, 103rd F. A., and now head of "Joe Barney's Bar Harbor Society Orchestra," played for the Prince of Wales at Long Island, from the 6th to the 12th of September. Joe must have taken a deep breath before he started.

While the Treasurer of the YD Club of Boston was in Baltimore attending a convention, he was fortunate enough to run across ROBERT P. PHIPPS (Hq. 103rd F. A.) Phipps extended many courtesies to the "visiting fireman," furnishing transportation quite frequently in his snappy Moon car. He is one of the chief bugs of the Maryland Casualty Company and says that he considers YANKEE DOINGS some of the best mail he receives.

## FLICKERS FROM THE 104th

### GREATER BOSTON UNIT, 104th

THE FIRST MEETING of the 1924-25 season will be held at the YD Club, Boston, on Thursday evening, September 25. A new project, one that will make the mural painting trifling in comparison, will be sprung at that time. We have some inside information, and it is a world beater. Don't wait to read about it in the papers; show up, and get it hot off the stove.

C. J. FERGUSON (Hq. Co.) has been promoted to major, 101st Infantry, N. G., and assigned to the M. G. battalion, with headquarters at the Cambridge armory.

J. C. HANNIGAN (Hq. Co.) has been admitted to the Massachusetts bar, and is with the firm of Hannigan & Fox, Barristers Hall, Boston.

JAMES B. CASEY (E. Co.) is a candidate for re-election to the House from the 2nd Middlesex district.

JOSEPH J. GANNON (E Co.), commander of Greater Boston Unit, is Chief-of-Staff, Department of Massachusetts, V. F. W.

### WORCESTER UNIT, 104th

ALBERT MENCK, formerly of Company C, died at Rutland, Mass., July 16, 1924, and was buried at Worcester. A large number of Worcester Unit members attended the services.

A DELEGATION of Worcester Light Infantry vets journeyed to Camp Devens on July 16, to pay the annual visit to the present company.

JAMES ESTES (C Co.) has been commissioned in the Battalion Headquarters Company, 181st Inf., Massachusetts National Guard.

### SPRINGFIELD UNIT, 104th

JOHN C. ROSS (L Co.), adjutant of the Springfield Unit, announces the arrival of a son. A few days later, we learn, Ross lost his father.

PATRICK J. GLOSTER, "the Mounted Plumber," has named his heir Ronald V., after his present skipper, R. V. "Mutt" Waters, Co. D, 104th Inf., N. G., of which Pat is supply sergeant. Pat is also the General's right-hand man on that Mural Painting Commission.

THOSE 104th RINGS should be in the mail in about a week.

HAROLD S. CLARK (Med. Det.) has been appointed Probation Officer of the Superior Court of Hampden County.

## SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

On July eighteenth "Bill" Jr. arrived to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM J. BROWN. We are advised that in the next war Junior will join the navy. I wonder if he will learn to chew-er-gum.

Dr. and Mrs. WILLIAM (Scroll) B. JAMESON announce the birth of Virginia on August fifth, weight 8 pounds.

On August first, Mr. and Mrs. JOHN EMERY HOPKINS announced the birth of Don Emery Hoppy is now living in San Diego.

REGINALD THOMAS JONES and Miss Amy Hanson were married in Saugus-by-the-Sound (of the Navy) Yard on Wednesday, Sept. 3. They will reside in Cliftondale after a wedding tour by automobile.

GEORGE HUDSON left New York for Europe the last of July. A card from Deauville, the popular French summer resort, stated that he was having a fine time at the casino, etc. Another card gave a view of Chateau Thierry and Hud. said that it does not look like it did once. A third was from Paris and from what he said I gathered that he was very busy. He has left for London by aeroplane. Lucky dog, isn't he?

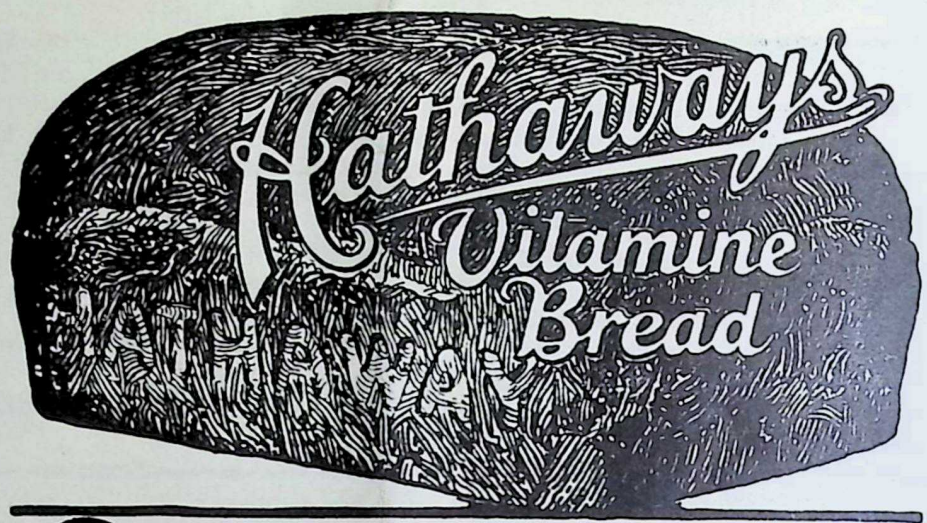
## TAPS

PATRICK F. MOORE, formerly of the 101st Infantry, died recently at his home, 19 Thetford Avenue, Boston.

Mrs. GEORGE HENRY CURTIN died on July 6. George Curtin was in the Machine Gun Company of the 104th Infantry.

YANKEE DOINGS wishes to extend its sympathy to I. L. MARSH, formerly of the 101st Engineers, upon the sad loss of his father.

Members of the YD Club of Boston were shocked to learn of the passing of HAROLD HOOPER on Sunday, August 31, 1924, at his home in West Roxbury. A severe gassing which "Harry" received while with the Medical Detachment, 101st Engineers, impaired his health. All who knew him at the Club, of which he was one of the very first and always a loyal member, will remember his lovable personality and will sincerely mourn him. The Club conducted the funeral services.

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